

Golden Time

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Golden Time

by [Bordementions](#)

Summary

Stego shows his trainer how experienced he is in being a playboy

Notes

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IWANTHIMNMMMMMMMMMMMMMM I want him I love him

He's so cute and handsome and charming and we should cuddle
frfr I am going to smash 73 beer bottles over his head and kick
him in the ribs

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The tinny, overly enthusiastic theme song of some daytime variety show was blaring from your television, a noise that had become synonymous with your resident freeloader. You kicked the door shut with your heel, the plastic handles of the convenience store bag biting into your wrist.

He was exactly where you left him, and exactly where he'd been for the last three hours.

Stay Gold was practically melting into your couch, legs kicked up over the armrest, his black boots—miraculously free of racing turf for once—propped up on a cushion you distinctly remembered fluffing this morning. He was still in his damn racing outfit, the royal blue cloth draped around his arms looking rumpled, the whole ensemble smelling faintly of sweat and the track. He hadn't even bothered to take off the harness or the little dagger dangling from it. His gaze was fixed on the screen, eyes tracking a celebrity trying to eat a bowl of ramen with a tiny, novelty-sized fork.

You sighed, a sound of pure, weaponized exasperation that he'd long since learned to ignore.

"You tracking mud onto my couch, old man?" you announced, padding into the small living area.

"Shh," he murmured, not looking away. "They're about to see if he can finish it in under a minute."

You rolled your eyes, dropping the noisy bag onto the low coffee table. You'd grabbed two bento boxes—curry for him, ginger pork for you—and a couple of tall cans of beer. You cracked one of the frosty cans, the pssst sound finally getting his attention. His head snapped over, a slow, lazy grin spreading across his face.

"You're an angel, Trainer."

"I'm an enabler," you corrected, holding the can just out of his reach. He made a little grasping motion with his fingers, still not moving from his comfortable crater in the cushions. You leaned over him, placing the cold aluminum in his hand.

Taking the opportunity of your proximity, you scrubbed your free hand through his hair. It was softer than it looked, the dark brown strands silky, the white streak over his bangs feeling like fine thread. You ruffled it hard, completely messing up his carefully nonchalant

style.

"Oi." he protested, ducking his head away and shielding his precious hair. "Hands off the m, will ya? I'm a delicate flower."

"You're an old man who smells like a locker room and you're staining my couch," you shot back, but you were smiling. You snatched the remote from his chest and turned the volume down to a dull murmur before flopping down onto the other end of the couch, tucking your legs under you.

He took a long, satisfying pull from the beer, his eyes fluttering shut in bliss. "Pwahhh~ That's good stuff."

You cracked open your own beer, taking a sip before grabbing your bento. "So," you started, peeling back the plastic film. "Another second-place finish. Congratulations on your continued dedication to being almost the best."

"Hey, second is fantastic," he argued, finally sitting up. He looked ridiculously small, even more so when he wasn't trying to project that wanderer's charisma, barely seeming to take up any space at all. "It means you're really good, but you don't have to deal with all the annoying press and expectations that come with first. It's the sweet spot."

"The 'Stay Gold special'," you countered, stabbing a piece of pork. "You realize if you'd just pushed a little harder in that last furlong, you'd have had him? You were holding back, Dad."

He winced at the nickname, though it was fond. "Don't call me that, it's weird. And I wasn't holding back. I was 'running efficiently'. Besides," he gestured with his beer, "winning just means more paperwork for you. I'm saving you the hassle. You should be thanking me."

"My hero." You deadpanned, stuffing your mouth. You chewed for a moment, swallowing before delivering the real blow. "Of course, maybe you were just saving your energy. You seemed to have plenty of it after the race."

His gaze flickered to yours, a little too innocent. "What do you mean? I was exhausted. A delicate flower, remember?"

"Oh, right. So delicate." You leaned in, propping your chin on your hand. "Is that why you were over by the winner's circle trying to talk

up that other racer? The tall, blonde one?"

A slow, incorrigible smirk bloomed on his face. He didn't even have the decency to look caught. "Ah. You saw that."

"Everyone saw it. You looked like a little sparrow trying to woo an ostrich. What was the line? 'Are your eyes a compass? Because I keep getting lost in them?'"

Stay Gold actually barked out a laugh, nearly spilling his beer. "It was 'Are you a map? Because I'm getting lost on my journey to your heart'. Get it right if you're going to eavesdrop, Trainer."

"Oh my god, that's worse! That's so much worse!" You groaned, burying your face in your hands. "She's in her like, early twenties! You're... old! You have children older than her!"

"That's part of the appeal," he said, waving a dismissive hand, entirely unbothered. "And I'm a seasoned model, not old. There's a difference. She appreciated the poetry."

"She looked confused. I think she was just trying to figure out if you were a lost child or her dad's weird friend." You pointed your chopsticks at him. "You're hopeless. Absolutely hopeless."

"And you're just jealous," he shot back, his golden eye's gleaming with mischief. He leaned across the cushions, closing the distance between you. He was close enough now that you could smell the beer on his breath, mixed with the faint, earthy scent of the track. "Don't worry. You're still my number one girl."

"I'm your number one handler," you corrected, though you didn't pull away. "Someone has to make sure you don't actually get adopted by a well-meaning stranger, or try to travel to Mongolia with a broken compass."

"Details." He tapped his beer can against yours. "We make a good team. You keep me grounded, I make your life interesting."

"You make my life a nightmare," you grumbled, but you clinked your can against his anyway. "Now eat your curry before it gets cold. And for God's sake, after this, go take a shower. You stink."

"Only if you promise to scrub my back," he purred, giving you a suggestive waggle of his eyebrows.

You just stared at him, expression flat, until he sighed and flopped back against the cushions.

"Fine, fine. You're no fun," he huffed, popping the lid on his bento.

The two of you sat there in comfortable, familiar silence, the only sounds the clacking of chopsticks and the ridiculous antics of television.

After a while the curry was practically half-gone, congealing slightly on the plastic tray, and you were both definitely feeling the first can. The variety show had moved on to a segment about dog cafes, which neither of you were really watching anymore.

"I'm serious," Stay Gold said, swirling the last bit of beer in his can. He'd abandoned his food in favor of liquid sustenance. "That 'map' line? It's a classic. It shows intrigue, a sense of adventure... poetry. It's romantic."

You snorted, finishing off your ginger pork. "It was prehistoric. If you'd tried that on me, I would have thrown my clipboard at you. You're lucky she was too polite to laugh in your face."

"Pfft." He nudged his empty bento box off his lap and onto the table, shifting to face you more fully on the cushions. The movement brought his knee brushing against your thigh. "That's because you're all work, Trainer. All about 'racing' and 'stop stinking up my sofa'. You wouldn't know real, vintage charm if it bought you dinner."

"Is that what you call it? 'Vintage charm'?" you retorted, leaning back on your hands. "Sounds like a nice way of saying 'expired'. Come on, Dad, some of your moves might be older than you too."

"There it is again! 'Dad!'" He rolled his eyes, but the effect was spoiled by the lazy, alcohol-warm smile playing on his lips. "You just don't get it. You're too young. This," he gestured to himself, encompassing the small frame, the rogue-ish look in his gradient eyes, "this is a finely aged wine. You're... I don't know, grape juice."

"Grape juice? Excuse me! I'll have you know I'm a very sophisticated... beverage." You paused, realizing the metaphor was falling apart. "And I'm not that much younger than you, you shrimp. I just have a lower tolerance for secondhand embarrassment."

"It's a shame," he mused, his voice dropping just a little. He tapped a finger against his chin, his gaze fixed on you, really fixed on you, in a

way that suddenly felt different from his usual lazy glance. "All this time, and you've never really seen it in action, have you?"

"Seen what? Your ability to make women look uncomfortable?"

"The charm," he said, as if it were obvious. He leaned in, closer. The couch, which usually felt big enough for two, was suddenly shrinking. The air between you felt warmer, tinged with the scent of beer. "You only get the domestic model. The lazy, couch-potato, 'please fetch me a beer' Stay Gold. You've never had the full, 100-proof, uncut experience."

You couldn't help it; you laughed, a genuine, slightly tipsy chuckle. The sheer audacity of him, sitting there in his dirty clothes, trying to sell himself like a luxury car. "Oh my god, you're serious. You actually think you're smooth."

"I don't think," he said, his voice dropping even lower. "I know."

"All right," you said, playing along, setting your own empty tray aside. The alcohol was making you bold, making this feel like a fun, harmless game. "You're so confident? Fine. Hit me with it. Give me the 'full experience', oh great wandering charmer. Dazzle me. I'm challenging you."

The moment the word "challenge" left your lips, something in his expression shifted. The lazy, playful mischief in his eyes didn't disappear, but it sharpened. It focused. The lazy, hazy gold-and-violet gaze turned into a high-intensity beam aimed directly at you. A slow, dangerous smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth.

"A challenge," he repeated, his voice barely a murmur. He didn't just look at you; he watched you. "You really shouldn't say things like that, Trainer."

"Why? Afraid you'll fail?" you teased, though your heart gave a sudden, stupid little thump.

"No." He shifted again, sliding across the cushion. He was close now. Close enough that you could see the intricate gold design on his ear cuff, the way the light caught the white stripe in his hair. He didn't reach for you, but his proximity was a touch all on its own. "Because pickup lines are for amateurs. They're for the track. For strangers."

His eyes dropped from your eyes to your mouth, then back up again. "I don't need lines for you."

The playful retort died in your throat. This wasn't the joke you'd started.

"I already know how you get," he continued, his voice a low, velvety purr that vibrated right through you. "I know you tap your pen against your teeth when you're trying to figure out a new training menu. I know you pretend to be annoyed when I show up at your door, but you always let me in."

He was so close now, you had to tilt your head back slightly to keep his face in focus.

"I know," he whispered, "that you keep that awful, fluffy blanket"—he flicked his eyes toward the throw-blanket draped over the chair—"not because you like it, but because I fell asleep under it once and said it was comfortable."

Your breath hitched. Your skin felt hot, a flush creeping up your neck that had nothing to do with the beer. He was right. He was right about all of it. The apartment, which had been filled with the dumb TV noise, suddenly felt intensely, suffocatingly quiet.

He saw the flicker in your expression, the slight part of your lips. His smirk softened into something genuinely, devastatingly charming. He finally moved, lifting a hand, but he didn't touch your face. He just brushed his thumb over the pulse point on your wrist, where your hand rested on the cushion between you. The touch was light as a feather, but it sent a jolt straight up your arm.

"See?" he murmured, his mismatched eyes holding yours captive. "I don't have to try. I'm already here."

He held your gaze for a long, heavy moment. The tiny playboy wasn't just teasing. He was proving a point.

"Not so bad," he breathed, his smile turning wicked again. "For an 'old man', am I?"

Your heart was doing that stupid, traitorous thump-thump-thump against your ribs. You could feel the heat in your face, a blush you'd furiously deny, and you knew he saw it.

You had to regain control of this situation. You were the Trainer, dammit. He was the lazy, pint-sized geriatric.

"That's it?" you managed, forcing a scoff. You leaned back, trying to

create a millimeter of space, but it just made you press harder into the couch cushions. "That's the '100-proof experience'? You just... recited my daily schedule and touched my wrist?" You fluttered your eyelashes in mock ecstasy. "My goodness, Stay. I'm absolutely swooning. Please, don't overwhelm me any more."

He watched you, his head tilted. The amusement in his eyes didn't fade; it deepened. He loved this, probably more than you did.

"Oh, so the tough Trainer isn't impressed yet?" he purred. He didn't pull back. Instead, he shifted, bringing his knee up onto the cushion between your legs, using it as a lever to pivot his whole body toward you. The move was fluid and casual, almost entirely invisible if you weren't watching. He was practically in your lap now, supporting himself with one hand on the back of the couch, right next to your head.

"You're a harder critic than the racing association," he murmured. "That's okay. I love a challenge."

"I'm not a 'challenge'," you retorted, but your voice was a little thinner than you wanted. You put a hand on his shoulder, intending to push, but it just... rested there. His racing silk was warm and a little damp beneath your palm. "I'm just... immune to your prehistoric 'charms'. That 'map' line was honestly better. At least that was funny-bad. This is just... trying too hard."

"Trying too hard?" He laughed, a low, breathy sound that vibrated right through your hand and into your chest. "Trainer I haven't even started."

And this was it. This was the moment you realized, with a sudden, sinking, electric clarity, why he was so successful. It wasn't the stupid lines. It wasn't even just the admittedly pretty face, with those mesmerizing eyes. It was this. The laser-focus. The way he made you feel like you were the only person in the entire world, the way his voice wrapped around you, the absolute, unshakeable confidence that he could have whatever—or whoever—he wanted.

He was a charmer because he was spectacular at it.

Before you could formulate another witty, dismissive comeback, he closed the remaining distance.

His face was right there. Inches away. His dark hair, with that single white streak, fell across his brow. You weren't looking at his eyes

anymore; you were looking at his mouth. You could smell the beer and the faint, sweet tang of the curry on his breath. His gaze was fixed on your lips, intense and unwavering.

The joking, teasing energy vanished, sucked into a vacuum. The air crackled. The muffled sound of the TV, the hum of the refrigerator, your own breathing—it all faded away.

He leaned in.

Your breath caught in your throat. Your hand on his shoulder clenched involuntarily. Your eyes fluttered, just for a second, a complete, reflexive surrender. You were going to kiss him. He was going to kiss you. Here, on your couch, in your apartment.

His lips were a millimeter from yours. You could feel the warmth radiating from them.

And then... he stopped.

He just hovered there, perfectly still, his breath ghosting over your mouth.

A long, agonizing second passed. Then, slowly, he pulled back. Just an inch. The spell was broken, but the static remained.

A slow, devastatingly wicked smirk spread across his face.

"Hmm?" he whispered, his voice laced with pure, unadulterated triumph. "What's this?"

Your eyes snapped fully open. You were flushed, caught, and absolutely mortified.

"You stopped talking, Trainer," he teased, his voice still a low purr. "You even closed your eyes. Were you... puckering up?"

A furious, hot wave of embarrassment flooded your entire body, from your roots to your face. You shoved him, hard, with both hands. "Shut UP! Get off!"

He actually rocked back onto his heels, laughing, that easy, carefree sound that you usually loved and right now wanted to strangle. "You were! You were totally swept! Admit it!" He wasn't on top of you anymore, but he was still far too close, grinning like a fool who'd just won the Arima Kinen. "My 'bad' flirting almost got you, didn't it? One

more second... and you'd have been gone."

"I was not!" you sputtered, scrambling to sit up straight, trying to regain a single shred of your dignity. You grabbed the nearest throw pillow and whacked him in the chest with it. "I was... I was playing along! To show you how... how unimpressive it all was!"

"Riiight," he drew the word out, easily catching the pillow you swung at him again. "That's why your heart is trying to escape your chest? I could feel it, you know. Right here." He tapped the spot on his own collarbone where his thumb had been.

He leaned in again, though he kept a slightly more respectful distance this time, propping his chin on his hand. "It's okay," he purred, his voice dropping back into that dangerously charming register. "We can continue, if you want. Just... say the word."

You stared at him, your chest heaving with indignation. "You are insufferable!"

"But charming?"

"No! Infuriating!" You grabbed another pillow and chucked it at his head. He dodged it easily, the pillow bouncing harmlessly off the cushion behind him. "I was not swept away! I was just... checking your breath! And it stinks, by the way. Beer and cheap curry. It's awful."

"Awful, huh?" he said, not looking convinced in the slightest.

"And your lines are stupid!" you doubled down, pointing an accusatory finger at him. "'I'm already here'? What is that, a threat? You're not good. You're not charming. You're just... short! And you're in my personal space!"

Stay Gold just laughed, a bright, genuine sound this time, all the manufactured romance evaporating, replaced by the familiar, easygoing friend. "Short. Ouch! Hitting below the belt. That's cold, Trainer."

He leaned back, finally, grabbing his half-finished second beer from the table. "Fine, fine. My lines are 'stupid'. My breath 'stinks'." He took a swig, his eyes gleaming at you over the rim of the can. "But you were blushing bright red."

"I was not! It's hot in here!"

"Because of me?"

"Because you're annoying! Now shut up and watch the dog show, you ass."

"Whatever you say," he said, giving you a lazy, knowing wink. "But I'll convince you eventually."

You huffed and crossed your arms, turning your gaze resolutely to the screen, pointedly ignoring him. The game was clearly still on.

You tried, you really tried, to focus on the golden retrievers wearing tiny hats. But the silence from the other end of the couch was obnoxiously loud. It wasn't a comfortable, sated silence; it was the smug, patient silence of a predator who knows the trap is already sprung.

You could feel his eyes on you. It made your skin prickle.

"You're sulking," he diagnosed, his voice a low, amused rumble.

"I am not sulking," you snapped, keeping your eyes glued to the screen. "I'm watching TV. It's what normal people do. Unlike weird, tiny goblins who grope their trainers."

"I didn't 'grobe' you," he said. The cushions shifted. He was moving. "I touched your wrist. It was very chaste."

"It was presumptuous."

"It was effective."

You felt his warmth before you felt his touch. He slid right back into your personal space, pressing up against your side as if the last five minutes of feigned normalcy hadn't happened. His head rested on the back of the couch, right next to yours, so close his hair brushed your temple.

"You're still blushing," he whispered, his breath warm against your ear.

"It's the beer," you insisted, stubbornly facing the television.

"Or," he murmured, his hand landing on your knee, "it's because you liked it. Because you know I'm right. You talk a big game," His fingers began a slow, impossibly distracting journey, sliding from your knee up the outside of your thigh. "...but you're just as curious as I am."

"Curious about what?" you managed, though your throat felt tight. "Your collection of terrible pickup lines?"

"Mmm-hmm." His hand stalled, resting high on your leg, his thumb stroking lazy circles. "And what happens after the lines work." His other hand came up, tracing the line of your jaw from your ear down to your chin. He wasn't grabbing, just... feeling. A light exploration. "You're all tense. You're trying so hard not to look at me."

"I'm trying to watch the show. You're being distracting."

"Am I?" He sounded delighted. His fingers on your jaw applied the barest, gentlest pressure, urging you to turn. "Look at me and say that."

"You're an—"

You finally snapped, turning your head to glare at him, to tell him exactly where he could shove his 'vintage charm'—

And he was right there. Waiting.

His eyes weren't just mischievous now. They were dark, hungry, and fixed on your mouth. He didn't lunge. He didn't grab. He just... tilted his head, a silent, confident nudge, a feather-light press of his lips against the corner of your mouth. A question.

Your protest died. The insult evaporated. Every self-preservation instinct screamed at you to push him away, to make a joke, to get up.

Instead, you let your eyes flutter shut and you met him halfway.

The kiss was... devastating. It wasn't the sloppy, drunken kiss you might have expected. It was practiced and confident. His lips were soft but firm, moving against yours with an expertise that made your head spin. He knew exactly what he was doing, and he knew you knew it, too.

He deepened the kiss, his tongue tracing your bottom lip before seeking entrance, and you just... opened for him.

One of his hands slid from your jaw, around the back of your neck, his fingers tangling in your hair. Not pulling, just... holding you there. His other hand... his other hand was busy.

"See?" he murmured against your mouth, his voice a gravelly whisper.

"Not... so bad... is it?"

"You're..." you tried to say, but he kissed you again, cutting off the word.

He was working on your shirt. You'd worn a simple button-down, a terrible choice in retrospect. His fingers, nimble and sure, found the first button. A deft little twist, and it was open.

"What are you doing?" you panted, pulling back just an inch.

"You said it was hot in here," he whispered, his eyes gleaming. He didn't stop. His fingers moved to the second button. "Just... helping you cool down."

"Stay, I'm... serious... stop..." You sounded anything but serious. You sounded wrecked.

"So serious," he agreed, his lips finding the new patch of skin he'd just uncovered. He kissed it, and you arched off the couch. His fingers were already at the second button. Pop.

"I... you... stop that," you protested, but your hands, which should have been pushing him away, were clinging to his shoulders, gripping the rumpled outfit.

"Shh." He kissed the corner of your mouth, then your jaw, then trailed a hot, open-mouthed kiss down your throat. "Just relax, Trainer. You work too hard."

The third button popped. Then the fourth. His hand, the one that had been on your thigh, slid up your ribs, under the now-open fabric, his palm flat against your bare stomach. His skin was calloused and warm, and you sucked in a sharp breath at the contact.

"You're... you're... such a... bastard..." you breathed, your head falling back against the cushions.

"And you love it," he countered. He moved on top of you then, a fluid shift of his small, wiry body. He wasn't heavy, but he was solid, pinning you into the softness of the couch. He straddled your hips, bracing himself on his elbows on either side of your head.

Your shirt was open, gaping, revealing your chest, your stomach, all of you. He kissed you again, harder this time, a possessive, claiming kiss that left no room for jokes. His hand was no longer gentle; it was

groping, his palm sliding from your stomach up to your chest, fingers closing over you, kneading, learning the shape of you through the thin material of your undershirt.

You gasped into his mouth, your hips instinctively bucking up against him.

It went on for minutes that felt like hours. Just hot, wet kisses and the slide of his hands over your skin, the rough feel of his pants against your legs, the smell of him, the heat of him. The world narrowed to the space of the couch, to the sound of your own ragged breathing mixed with his.

Finally, he pulled back, his chest heaving. His dark hair was mussed, his lips slick and slightly swollen. He looked down at you, sprawled out beneath him, your shirt undone, your face flushed, your breathing a mess.

A slow, profoundly smug, triumphant grin spread across his face. He followed your gaze down, to where his body was pressed against yours.

"Trainerrr~, " he purred, his voice thick with arousal and victory. He pressed down, deliberately, making you gasp. "All that talk. All that 'I'm not impressed'..."

He leaned down, his lips brushing your ear.

"And you're practically melting."

You flushed, a wave of heat so intense it was almost painful, from your hairline right down to your toes. "I... shut... that's... shut up!" you sputtered, your brain completely short-circuiting, unable to form a single coherent defense.

He just laughed, a low, throaty sound, and buried his face in the crook of your neck. "Gotcha."

"Shut up!" you hissed, your voice strangled. The embarrassment was so total it was practically a physical weight, crushing your lungs.

He just laughed, that low, victorious rumble vibrating from his chest directly into yours. "Make me," he whispered, and before you could sputter another defense, his mouth was on yours again.

This kiss was different.. He licked into your mouth with a lazy,

confident rhythm, and his hands... his hands were moving. The hand that had been on your chest slid down, around where the hem of your undershirt used to be, his palm no longer ghosting.

You gasped, a sharp, involuntary intake of breath. His skin was rough, calloused, and so, so warm against yours.

"No... seriously, Stay... stop," you managed, your words muffled against his lips.

"Stop what?" he murmured, his mouth leaving yours to trail a line of hot, open-mouthed kisses along your jaw. "Stop proving my point?" His hand under your shirt didn't stop; it splayed wide, his thumb brushing the underside of your ribs, his fingers tracing the dip of your waist. "You're so soft here... and here..." He kissed the hollow of your throat, his other hand coming up to join the first, both now roaming freely under your shirt, mapping your torso with an explorer's curiosity.

"You're... an ass," you panted, your head tilting back to give him better access, a traitorous move you'd deny to your dying day.

"But I'm your ass," he purred, his fingers brushing the waistband of your pants. "And you're still twitching. Right here." He pressed the heel of his palm against you, right through your pants, a move so bold and targeted it made your hips jump. "You're enjoying the show, Trainer. Admit it."

"I am not!" you insisted, though the protest was ridiculously weak, ruined by the way you were arching into his touch. "I'm... this is..."

His fingers were at the button of your pants.

"Hey!" That finally got a real jolt out of you. "Okay, that's enough. Get off."

"Is it?" He stopped, his fingers resting right on the button, but he didn't move his hand. He lifted his head, his small body still pinning you perfectly, and gave you that look. Those eyes, half-lidded, dark with something far beyond simple mischief. "Are you going to stop me?"

You stared up at him, your chest rising and falling in ragged, shallow breaths. Your shirt was open. His hands were on your bare skin, under your clothes. You should have shoved him off. You should have kneed him.

You let out a long, shaky sigh, a sound of pure, unadulterated defeat. "You're insufferable."

His smirk was blinding. "I'll take that as a 'please continue'."

He undid the button. You didn't stop him. He tugged at the zipper, his knuckles brushing against you, and you let him.

"I hate you," you mumbled, as he started to push the fabric down your hips.

"No, you don't," he whispered, kissing your chin. "You're just mad I was right."

He shimmied your pants down, his hands sliding along your legs, and you had to lift your hips, helping him get them past your thighs. The act was so contradictory to the stream of "stop" and "no" coming from your mouth that it was almost funny.

With your pants bunched unceremoniously around your ankles, he pulled back slightly, straddling your thighs. "My turn," he announced, as if this were all a perfectly normal Tuesday activity.

He sat up, breaking the intense, skin-on-skin contact, and you felt suddenly, stupidly cold. He began to work on his own complicated outfit. The harness was one thing, but the belt on his ripped black pants seemed to be giving him trouble. He growled in frustration, fumbling with the buckle.

"Damn... this... stupid... thing..." he grunted, twisting to get a better angle.

You watched him struggle for a solid ten seconds, this supposed master-of-seduction, the vintage charmer, being defeated by a simple belt.

A long-suffering sigh escaped you. "Oh, for God's sake, stop wiggling. You're going to fall off the couch, you idiot." You sat up, pushing yourself onto your elbows, and reached out. "Give it here."

His head snapped up, surprise flashing in his eyes, before it was replaced by that infuriating, knowing grin. He went perfectly still. "Yes, Trainer?"

"Just... hold still." You batted his hands away, your own fingers, much more sober and steady, finding the clasp. You worked the buckle free,

then undid the button of his pants with an efficient, almost clinical motion. You tugged the zipper down. "There. Happy?"

"Immensely," he purred, his voice dropping back into that dangerous, velvety register. He didn't wait. He kicked his boots off, shucked his pants and the tangled harness in one fluid motion, and then he was back, crawling over you.

He settled between your legs, which you opened for him without a second thought, and hooked his feet under your calves, trapping you. He was warm, solid, and very, very close.

"Now," he whispered, his hands sliding back under your shirt, "where were we?"

He kissed you again, slower this time. Less of a conquest, more of a conversation. His hands weren't groping now; they were just... holding. One hand spread flat over your heart, which was hammering, the other cradling your head. He kissed you deeply, then pulled back to kiss your cheek, your temple, the shell of your ear.

"You're..." he murmured against your skin, "so much more fun... than racing."

"Shut up," you mumbled, but your fight was gone. It had drained out of you the moment you'd unbuckled his belt. Your arms, of their own volition, wrapped around his small back, pulling him closer until his chest was flush against yours. You were just... holding him.

You both lay there for a long moment, the only sound the quiet murmur of the TV and your mingled breathing. The frantic, fumbling heat had evaporated, leaving behind a heavy, warm intimacy that was almost more overwhelming. He was heavy, but in a good way. A solid, warm anchor.

He shifted, lifting his head to look down at you. He propped his chin on his hand, which was resting on your sternum, and gave you a lazy, cat-like smile. His eyes were soft, the pupils blown wide.

"You know," he purred, his voice sleepy and smug. "For someone who 'hates me'..."

He traced the line of your jaw with one finger.

"And for someone who thinks my 'lines are stupid'..."

You groaned, trying to turn your head away, but his hand on your chin held you steady.

"You were a shockingly easy mark, Trainer. All I had to do was stop talking and you practically undressed me yourself."

"I... whatever..." you finally managed, your face burning. "Just... go to sleep or something."

He laughed, a soft, satisfied sound that rumbled through your chest. "Mmm. Good idea."

And just like that, he flopped down, his face burying itself in the crook of your neck, his breathing evening out almost instantly. He was asleep. Just like that. Leaving you pinned to the couch, half-undressed, and utterly, completely corrected.

End Notes

<https://x.com/Boaing737>

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